him the beau ideal of a statesman. He died in 1852.

This is the anniversary of the birth in 1777, of Henry Clay, statesman and orator, whose attractive personality made him one of the most popular men of his time. Lincoln called him the beau ideal of a statesman. He died in 1852. The Washington Times Magazine Page

Both Flaring and Slender Will Be in Style,

Says Good Housekeeping, the Great

Home Magazine

At 9 o'clock these mid-April evenings the Great Dipper is nearly everhead, Cassiopeia, is near the horizon in the north-northwest, Orion and Sirius are setting in the West and South of West Leo is high on the meridian.

Serial of Society, Millions, BIRTHRIGHT and Adventures of Two Girls

Patricia and Dan, Cut Off from the World by the Blizzard, Find Delight in Their Own Companionship and Tryto M ake the Best of the Situation

By Kathleen Norris. Author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters" and Other Famous Stories. C HE knew how swiftly all doors

S would open to Mr. and Mrs.
Daniel Smith Palmer, how
soon aunts and cousins would forget everything but the millions, and turn the machinery of their octraaspirant. And fifteen years from now, perhaps, Christine's daughter and little Patricia Palmer would b loftily discussing the absurdity of the Smith girls' or the Brown girls'

social audacities.

The half-formed thought of that visionary daughter sent a thrill through her beins, and made her heart stop. Dan's wife—the mother of this strong, eager, passionate man's children. For, of course, that was her life. It mattered not where she spent it or what pain and change

it brought her. The only thing that mattered now was that she should hear, all day, every day, that boyish and yet curiously authoritative voice, and be free to advise, praise, blame and share everything that he did.

The mere bracing association with Dan had already had its efffect upon Patricia. Dan, in his almost violent interest in life, had somewhat vitalized her own. had taken her, just in this last month, to places of whose existence she had never dreamed before; once to a wrestling match, once to a mass meeting of street car strikers, once to a city hospital where a girl her own age lay dying by her

From a waitress in the little restaurant into which they had gone uniling for a meal he had wrested the story of her life; from police men on crossings, ushers at the theater, dull-eyed boys who slouch car, Patricia began confidently to expect entertainment when she was

Tonight, sitting opposite him beside the fire, as the talk had for a while dropped to silence, she had indulged in a little dream; she had seen another cabin somewhere in the woods, years from now, and a tiny girl with bright hair blown up against her father's big shoulder, and a crib nearby, in which a dark-eyed boy was asleep. For years Patricia had thought of motherhood only with a delicate distaste; it had seemed to have no

part in the intellectual beauty of her relationship with Sidney. But now, suddenly, the deeps of her being cried out for that holiest and highest joy, for sons and daughters-not one, not two, but a whole nurseryful of little bobbing heads and little imperative voices, children into whose lives she and Dan might pour some of the overflowing richness of their

If he had shared her dream, he gave her no sign. For he had sprung to his feet abruptly, and

Well, I'll go into the kitchen, and when you're comfortable, call me! Don't hurry, for I've got to bring up enough wood for the

whole night." IN A CHINESE ROBE.

Patricia, wrapped in a Chinese robe, had opened the kitchen door fifteen minutes later, and had been driven by cold currents of air back this retreat she had watched him gravely as he brought in the wood. And when the door was shut, and he had busied himself with his own cushions and blankets, she still secretly watched him from under deceitfully lowered lashes. But after a while he sat down to watch the blaze, and then the girl had actually fallen into a peaceful sleep, not to waken for many hours.

dressed in the icy kitchen, shuddering at the touch of snow water on her face, her shoulders hunched and her fingers clasped with the cramp of the bitter cold. Shuddering, she went back to the hearth, where the are had sunk to pink-gray ashes, and was feebly trying to re-kindle it when Dan suddenly sat up. His big arm, in its black Japanese wrapper, was helping her before he was fairly

"What are you trying to do? Why didn't you wake me?" he protested. "You're dressed. What time is it, anyway?"

"Your watch says nine!" Patricia said, with chattering teeth, as the glorious blaze roared up the to hold her fingers to the warmth.
"It's pretty dark, for nine
o'clock!" Dan muttered, glancing

toward the windows. "It's dark, Dan, pecause we are literally buried in snow!" the girl

answered. With a startled look he went to with some difficulty. Patricia went to stand beside him, and in silence

RENJAMIN FRANKLIN

rect nearsightedness. As

age advanced he required

reading glasses also. He saw the possibility of com-

bining lenses for near and

far seeing in the same

frames, thus discovering

the principle of double-

focus spectacles.

"See ETZ

See Better

wore glasses to cor-

was falling, and there was an un-

earthly stillness without. The porch, usually three feet above the ground, was level with the surface of the snow, and a great drift, at one side, rose up higher than the cabin. In every direction lay the unbroken surface of flawless white, from which the muffled forms of the trees rose to lose themselves in the soft veiling

of the air. The road had vanished, and only a great furry mound showed where the car was buried. Every possiridge and crevice was packed and blanketed with exquisite white, and about them and above them were only trackless deeps upon deeps of snow.

Voiceless before the awful beauty of it the man and woman stood for two or three long minutes, looking their fill. Not a branch cracked, not a sound broke the stillness; nothing moved except the-softly turning and twisting curtain of white, or an overladen spray that gently lowered its burden into the

feathery depths below it. "The gorgeous, beautiful, heaven-waste of it!" Patricia whispered after a while. "And we go to 'Parsifal' and praise the scenic effects, while this divine thing happens at least two or three times every winter, in miles and miles of empty forest everywhere!"

"By gosh, it's worth coming up here for this!" Dan added, no less stirred. "But you'll get pneumonia!" he abruptly concluded. "Here, come in and shut the door!"

"Dan," Patricia said, a little later, when they were enjoying their breakfast, "can we get out of this?" "We can make a stab at it," he admitted, "but, to tell the truth, I don't see us getting far!"
"I was thinking," Patricia went

on, "that if we could somehor under down as far as the railroad, we could simply wait there unti some train came along, and take it, wherever it was bound?' "Is there a waiting room?"

NOT EVEN A STORE. She smiled ruefully. "No. There's nothing but a freight shed and a platform."

"Stove in the shed?" "Heavens, I don't know! But I shouldn't suppose so!" "We might have to wait there for

hours," Dan mused. "Better to flounder down there, as you sug-gest, and leave some sort of signal. If we hung a red rag there, the man must stop and then we could leave a note asking him to-

"To blow five or six times with s whistle!" Patricia suggested. "But then it would take us an hour to get down there," she added. "They must send up for us today, Dan!" she presently said anxiously, as he remained thoughtful and

"I should think so." he answered. "Unless your aunt thinks that we didn't come, and my mother thinks

that we are safe with the rest of

snow. Fine snow was still whirl- them. It's a toss-up whether they ing in the air, although the wind find it out. How in the name of find it out. How in the name of everything sane did the Throckmortons think they were going to get

up here, anyway?" "It was Roberta's idea," Patricia explained, "a regular primitive country party. There is an old fellow named Thurston, who is station agent in summer and has a team, and I imagine that they wrote him that the boxes would arrive. "Oh, Dan!" Patricia broke off, with child's joyous laugh, "Happy

New Year!" "By George, so it is!" he answered, as she gaily stretched both hands to him across the table. "Well." he added, "it starts in heaven, wherever it ends!"

"Will you fry me one more egg?" was the girl's prosaic response. "And look at the toast. Do people in mountain cabins always eat so much, do you suppose?"

"After breakfast," Dan decreed, "we'll wrap up warm and see what we can do. I greased your shoes— I must have read in some kid's book long ago that shoes had to be greased!"
"I saw that you did. They're

just as soft as ever; a thousand thanks!" Patricia buttered fresh toast rapidly and put a piece on his plate. "I'll tell you what, Dan," she added, "we'll make a fire in the kitchen and roast that turkey If we are rescued, we'll have to come back here, anyway, to put out the fires, and we can have it for lunch; and if we're not, we'll have a New Year dinner." Her voice stopped; she was confused by his look.

"Do you like this?" he asked intensely, from the hearth. They looked into each other's eyes. HER HAPPY ANSWER. "I think-I think I have never

liked anything so much," she an-"It's like a fairy tale!" "Up here alone with you, roast Year's dinner," he said, half aloud "By gosh, if I see a rescue party coming up that trail I'll stand on the porch and shoot it!"

Laughing in the first enveloping

breath of the pure, sweet, freezing air, they presently set out. Patricia had pinned up her skirt, tied her small hat firmly with billows of And still the first few steps into

the sinking, whirling, bewildering whiteness exhausted her suddenly and surprisingly. Snow crept melting and wet into the collar of her coat, snow tickled her eyelids, she felt the wet snow penetrate her stockings above her high boots. The heavy, icy atmosphere penetrated her lungs like a pain,

Floundering, laughing and gasping, she struggled along in Dan's footprints, presently catching him with gloved hands and leaning helplessly against him while she recovered her breath.

"It's like breathing - chopped -ice!" she gasped, her rosy, exquisite face close to his.

Maryland Cooking

Recipes From the Melwood Cook

Book.

(Clip them out and paste them in your scrap book.)

11/2 cups sugar cups flour 1 cup walnut kernels % pound raisins

cup sour cream teaspoonful soda pinch of salt eggs beaten separately

Sift the flour, cinnamon and salt together, add the soda to the cream, mix the nuts and raisins and flour Cream the butter and sugar, add eggs beaten light, the yolks first, then the whites, and the flour, and, lastly, the nuts and raisins, and cream. Drop on a floured pan far

apart, and bake ten minutes .- Mrs. (Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. Percy Duvail.)

Ancient Botany

The oldest botanical work in the world is sculptured on the walls of a room in the great temple of Karnak, at Thebes, in Egypt. It repre-sents foreign plants brought home by an Egyptian sovereign, Thothmes I, on his return from a campaign in Arabia. The sculptures show not only the plant or tree, but the leaves, fruit, and seed pods separately, after the fashion of a mod-ern botanical exhibit.

Few people have Frank-

lin's knowledge of optics

and his inventive skill. You

endanger your sight by

glasses haphazardly chosen.

Thorough examination here

reveals exactly the glases you require. We grind and

fit lenses to your individual

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What Franklin Saw

An Aditorial

Don't risk your sight by ignoring early

symptoms of eye trouble. Consult us at once

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

SHE LIKES SOMEONE ELSE. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am very much in love with a young woman. Until a short while ago I believe she thought a great deal of me. Having every reason to believe that she now thinks more of someone else than she does of me, I have gracefully withdrawn from pressing my attentions. Did 1 do wrong? I love her, and I believe she is happier when with this other man than when with me. This is the only cause for my having to no-

Of course, you did not do wrong. You did the only thing there was to do. And now you want me to tell

you how noble you were? Since you profess such deep love for the young lady. I hope you satisfied yourself that your case was hopeless before you gave her up. Otherwise you were a great, big faint-heart, and deserved to lose her. And not at all noble.

IN LOVE WITH TWO. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

While overseas, I met a beautiful girl, who became deeply infatuated with me, and now we correspond regularly. Things looked quite serious, but, after returning to the good old U. S. A. I made the acquaintance of a sweet little girl and I like her very much, and I know the feeling is reciprocated.

What shall I do? I hope you will let me know one way or another, as you will surely take a load off my heart. X. SOLDIER.

Be man enough to face facts and make an honest decision. Find which is the girl you love and go ahead and marry her. Don't try to put the burden of indecision on the shoulders of the third person.

TIMELY BEAUTY HINTS

Society women wash their own hair, not because it is a fad, but because they wish to obtain the greatest possible hair beauty and be sure possible hair beauty and be sure they are not using anything harmful. They have found that in washing the hair it is never wise to use a makeshift, but is always advisable to use a preparation made for shampooing only. Many of our friends say they get the best results from a simple home-made canthrox mixture. You can use this at a cost of about 3 cents a shampoo by getting some canthrox from your druggist and dissolving a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This makes enough shampoo liquid to apply to all the hair instead of just the top of the head, as with most preparations. Dandruff, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear in the rinsing water. Your hair will be so fluffy that it will look much heavier thar it is. Its luster and softness will plso delight you.

Alice Bernard stands responsible for this smart coat dress of yellow serge banded with wide braid of beige and gold plaid, the fastening of which is adroitly placed to the side.

To vary the insistent straightness of the average day frock, this dress of black serge flounces its skirt with plaid attached to the corsage at a low waist-line,

Success?

QUOTES OLD SAYING. Nineteen and Disgusted:

It was with some surprise that I read your letter. Surprised not of the facts as stated, but rather as assumed. I do hope you don't pass final judgment of "man" from your single experience.

You should have known that a man who will dare to approach a lady in such manner as you relate, without introduction of any kind, is not, in many cases, the type of man to judge the rest by. I can readily see that this was your first experience of the sort or else you would have acted differently. You are wiser now. I have met all kinds of men, peoples of all types you cannot judge from individual experiences. I will slightly change an old saying, with which you are doubtless familiar: "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to pass final judgment on the rest of us. SYMPATHY.

WHO COULD LOVE THEM!

In reply to F. L .:

It's all right for a man to have a legitimate good time and once in his life to make a grave mistake. But those so-called wild oats mean a dual, double life, the wrecking of young girls' lives, then dirty, filthy lives to cover their own dirt. It does very well if a woman is ig-norant of facts, but this type of a person, whether man or woman, solves the problem, "Why marriage

is not a success" Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand they never change, and even if they should get tired or the life interferes with their career, what self-respecting woman could, knowing the truth,

Give me the gentle, refined, real man, for the world is full of them, only, unlike the other kind, their whole life is not a lie and bluff.

Excuse me from the cave man or one who has sown his wild oats. I have been married twice, and sure am in a position to know the difference between husbands

The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Elisworth, a young married couple, finds employment as secretary to Eustibo Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her

can oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$500 gold note, after she discovers him and a Japanese studying a map. She discovers her sweetheart, Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl. She is jealous of the Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Her employer, after paying her many compliments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the office, expresses a desire to be introduced to her sweetheart, which amazes her.

Willard swears to Edith that he is not in love with the Spanish girl. He tells Edith her employer will bear watching and asks her to spy on Alvarez. She reluctantly consents. While rummaging through her employer's desk she finds a picture of the same Spanish girl with whom she saw her sweetheart dining. Later she is further surprised by a request from her sweetheart for an introduction to her employer. By means of a piece of carbon paper which she secreted in the typewriter roller, Edith gets a copy of a crytic telegram her employer zent to some one in Mexico.

Alvarez takes Edith to a Maryland roadhouse and vainly tries to inveigle her into taking a drink with him. Willard finally tells her that Alvarez is an international crook. A short time later "Texas Tiger," a wild and woolly gentleman from the Southwest, breezes in with a gun in search of Alvarez. He tells Edith that Alvarez swindled him out of \$20,000 on a fake oil stock deal. Edith introduces "Texas Tiger" to Willard and the visitor joins their excursion to Mt. Vernon, the home and tomb of George Washington.

Returning to Washington "Texas Tiger" recognizes Alvarez and the Spanish girl, Juanita, his sweetheart, on the wharf and is only prevented from shooting them by the interference of Willard. "Texas Tiger" tells Edith he is still madly in love with Juanita, not withstanding the fact that Alvarez used her as a tool to swindle him out of \$20,000.

When Edith attempts to introduce Willard to Alvarez she

\$20,000.

When Edith attempts to introduce Willard to Alvarez she learns that they are "old friends."

Alvarez invites Edith and Willard to motor to G. sat Falls with him and they accept.

I told Mr. Alvarez to drive me home. And Willard got out there, I would have known better than to tell Grace and Bob about what had

"But why would he want to kill us, Willard?" I asked after Willard had put into words what I had known was in his mind,

"Don't you know," Willard asked, "that a criminal always wants to destroy the evidence and silence the witnesses. He thinks. Edith, we

NET IS CLOSING.

I positively had to make myself go to work this morning. But Willard had told me it was absolutely necessary that I act as though I not suspect Alvarez of any ulterior motive, You must admit, however, that

it takes a lot of nerve to work in the office with a man whom you are convinced has designs on your life, who, in fact, has even tried to put his desires into effect.



IT FELT GOOD TO REST MY HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER.

were discussing the matter after we got home from Great Falls yes-"My spirit rebels-"Well, never mind about your pirit." Willard laughed. "It doesn't matter how much your spirit rebels as long as you drag your astral body-

"I don't think it's anything to joke about," I had pouted.
"Nor I," Willard answered. very serious business. there's no use wearing crepe about it especially, when we are just about at the end of our vigil-when the net is just about to close on

Alvarez and his-" "Oh, I wish it would hurry up and close," I said, half petulantly. Willard put an arm around me and drew me to him, and it felt pretty good to rest my head on his shoulder. I was terribly tired, and

GETTING ANXIOUS.

"You don't wish it any more than I do, Edy," he said, smoothing my hair back from my forehead. "Nor half as much. I'll be the happiest man in the world when this thing is all over-when Alvarez and his bunch have been exposed—and when we-you and

It wasn't necessary for him to finish the sentence—not with words. And I didn't at all resent the way it was finished. Now that Mr. Alvarez had been revealed to

Prize Cake Recipes

1-3 cup shortening. 1 cup light brown sugar.

1/2 cup milk. ¼ teaspoon salt. 2 teaspoons baking powder.

1 cup chopped nuts-pecans or walnuts. 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream shortening, add sugar slowly and yolks of eggs and milk baking powder together and add chopped nuts; fold in beaten whites

of eggs; add flatoring. Bake in well greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. ICING. Two cups of brown sugar and 1/2 cup water, boil together until it forms a soft ball in water, remove from fire, add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, stir until thick enough to spread; if too thick, add a little milk.—Mrs. Walter C. Scheller, 626

Carroll avenue, Takoma Park

3 eggs. 3 cups of flour. 2 cups of sugar. 1 cup of butter.

1 cup of milk. 1 teaspoon of baking powder.

add egg, then milk. 3 eggs beat well. 11/2 cups milk.

spoons baking powder. 2 whites of eggs mixed with sugar, beat till stiff, then spread on cake, then cocoanut on ton-Mrs. I. J. Shoemaker, 1104 Eighth street northeast.

2 teaspoons of vanilla.
1 hour and 25 minutes.—Mrs. Emma Hardy, 420 Garfield street southeast.

COCANUT LAYER CAKEK. 1/2 cup crisco. of sugar, mix cream together,

1 teaspoon vanilla, salt to taste. 2 large cups flour and 2 tea-

\$100

\$100

three words or less.

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This serial story has .. o name. The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person who submits the best title.

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Winnie Davis Freeman Copyright by The Washington Times.

me as he really was, and since I realized that what I had thought was love for him was only infatuation, Willard seemed closer to me than he ever had in his life, and for the first time, I felt that I was quite ready to say the fateful "I do," and settle down to "love in a cottage." So naturally I didn't mind his kissing me—occasionally. It's really quite all right, you know, when one is engaged.
"How much longer must we wait, Willard?" I asked. "I'm get-

ting anxious-"You darling!" he interrupted, squeezing me to him. "Those are precious words to me, Edith. And we—we won't wait at all," he seemed to have had a sudden inspiration. "We'll be married right away-now!

"No. Not now," I answered. "We aren't going to be married until this mystery business has been cleared from the calendar. Because after we're married, Willard, I'm afraid you won't have much time to devote to your prd-

fessional duties."
"I'll say I won't," Willard laughed. "But even if we must wait, Edith, it won't be long. Perhaps one day-perhaps two-

(To Be Continued Tomorr

The Latest Silhouettes Is Marriage a When a Girl Marries A Story of

EARLY WEDDED LIFE

expect me to be making books on

I waved his answer away with a

laugh to which I held sternly in

order to keep him betraying my

"Of course, Mr. West told you

he was my husband's partner-

once. Did he add that he started

a rival company after he'd been

compelled to make a graceful exit

from the firm? Did he tell you

that?" I demanded, checking my

desire to add, "Did he tell you he

"I can't remember his saying any-

thing about parting bad friends,"

replied the little bead-eyed man, picking his words slowly, as if he

were looking backward and trying

to call up a complete record of his

conversations with Dick West, "He

and your husband parted good

"Are you asking me, daughter?

What do you think a poor old sick

man like me would have been able

to get out of a likely young chap

such as this West? Is there some-thing you want to know? Some-

thing you want Dad Lee to find out

His tone was so friendly and good-natured that I thought it wise

"No, but I want Dad Lee to tell

me something he does know," I wheedled in turn. "How does Dick West feel toward—his friends back

home? Why has he gone so far

WHY DID YOU COME?

ners I couldn't know more about

West than you seem to think I got

out of him in one evening. Kinda

"Are you accusing your daughter of being interested in her husband's

dear?" rallied the man, his wrinkled

little face twisting into a gray grin.

gued, "doesn't concern my husband

or me as much as it does some one

else we won't name just yet.

Funny how Dick West seems to be

entering on a new partnership with

BOOKS

PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT AC-COUNTING AND REPORTING. By Francis Oakey. New York: D. Ap-pleton & Co.

A careful study of the manner in

which Government accounts should

be kept, and the proper form and

content of public reports of Gov-

State and municipal government ac-

counting and reporting are covered

budget as a report connects the book with one of the most promi-

nent administrative problems of

particular. A chapter on the

transactions

"What I'm interested in," I ar-

"Can't take a joke, can you

"Say, little filly, if we was part-

enough friends, didn't they?"

"Did they?" I insisted.

to take my cue from it.

away from them?"

ex-partner?"

drilled wells in bone-dry soil in the

hope of discrediting Jim?"

nervous tension-and hope,

that dope?"

By ANN LISLE. Who told me he'd been father, isn't it?" Y who told me he'd been "Fer the sake of that tip you're hubby's running mate oncet willing to overlook the past?" upon a time?" inquired the man the little man with something that who claimed to be my father. "Sure, might have been a sneer. West told me that. Who else would

"Then he did give you the tip that "He? No-no, he didn't. He never give me no tip to send me back to my Martha's filly. What could a feller I met fer one evening tell me about my past that'd stir me to travel across the coun-

try to find you?"
"If Dick West didn't send yo back to—me," I asked, slowly feeling for the elusive something I needed to tie up Dick West and this man named Lee, "how did you happen to come? How did you know where to find me?"

"Child, ain't I been watching you always? Did I ever take my eyes off you or this grand old Hyland boy who made my Martha se "But you told me a little white

ago that you came back to me be-cause you learned from Dick West that my husband was what you ro pleasantly called a gambler. You told me that yourself not five minutes before Father Andrew went out to telephone for me."

"I told you myself....." began

the man, and then interrupted himself with a cackling laugh. "Sure I told you that, and it's true. But I had written for Hyland to come to me lons before I met West-long and long afore. Say, m'dear, looks like I was the person you wasn't ready to name a while ago. That's

I felt nonplussed, for the words seemed to reach out and topple over everything on which I'd been building. After a moment I recovered myself and asked curtly:

"But why did you try to preten! that you only returned to do me a good turn by putting your gambling knowledge at my disposal?" You don't get it? You don't get it at all, do you?" whispered my op-

"Is there anything difficult to I began accusingly. A clawlike hand was laid on my sweet on him, ain't you, to want all the dope about him?"

arm and a voice that shook a bit interrupted: "Don't say anything you'll re gret, daughter. Don't be ugly and hard on an old man. I'll give you all the dope and then if you're still so ashamed of your poor old father that you want to think up excuses to kick him out, I'll save you the trouble and me the shame of it. I'll

catch my entry in the race and let yours romp home a winner."
"You mean if when I've heard your story I still feel so unrelated you'll go away and not bother me any more?" I demanded. let me get back to the happy times when I thought that the only

father I had on this earth was dear Father Andrew?" The little man drew out a gaudy handkerchief and mopped his face.
"Kinda heartless, ain't you, daughter? Seems to me you're awful hard on an old man who ain't got kin on earth but you. But in case you don't see how this West that you seem so dead against lies clear utside the circuit where w after I've told you just how I met up with him, I'll scratch the entry, I'll quit. That's a go. You kin

judge this race and say if you think West had anything to do with the bookmaking."
(To Be Continued Thursday.)

"Back to Normalcy"

The President pleads for a return to "normalcy." Nature also pleads for a return to normal living -for a return to simple, nourishing foods. All the food elements you need are supplied in

Shredded Wheat

It is 100 per cent whole wheat in a digestible form-thoroughly cooked and ready-to-eat.

Two biscuits with milk or cream make a nourishing meal and cost but a few cents. Delicious with berries or other fruits.

> TRISCUIT is the shredded wheat cracker, a crisp whole-wheat toast, eaten with butter or soft cheese.

